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FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Mémorial de Sir Hudson Lowe, relatif à la captivité de Napoléon à Sainte-Hélène.—Paris, 1830.

(Concluded from our last.)

Of those fears of Napoleon, even in Saint Helena, entertained by the ancient governments of Europe, to which we adverted in our former notice of this curious book, the following conversation with the Marquis de Montchenu, whether real or not, is at least a humorous example:—

Gouverneur, me dit-il, croyez-vous être certain que Napoléon ne nourrit point la pensée de s'échapper?

Je ne le pense pas; d'ailleurs le pourrait-il? Sur quoi fondez-vous vos prévoyances? L'île est entourée de vaisseaux qui croisent à la portée du canon; Longwood est cerné par une garnison trois fois plus forte que la prudence la plus s-vère pourrait l'exiger; des signaux continuels m'avertissent des moindres mouvements qui ont lieu dans la maison de Napoléon. Je vous le répète, monsieur le marquis, pourquoi craindrais-je une évasion?

Toujours mystérieux, M. de Montchenu fronça les lèvres en signe d'incrédulité; s'approcha de moi d'un air important, de me dit à demi-voix:—Certainement il est plus difficile de sortir d'ici que de l'île d'Elbe; mais qui peut dire que Napoléon n'a pas un projet plus grand. Par exemple, de s'évader de l'île, non pour retourner en Europe par le même chemin d'où il est venu; mais par la Chine, en signant un traité offensif et défensif avec l'empereur régnant, auquel il promettait d'agrandir ses états aux dépens de la Perse. Une fois en Perse, il grossirait les bataillons chinois des troupes persanes qu'on lui fournirait contre la Russie, qu'il serait sûr de vaincre en s'appuyant sur la Turquie par Constantinople. De Constantinople à Paris il n'y a rien pour un homme aussi entreprenant que Napoléon. Les conséquences de cette conquête, je n'ai pas besoin de vous les dire: vous les comprenez; mais voyez l'imminence du danger auquel nous nous exposons en laissant auprès de Napoléon un domestique Lascar, ancien marin habitué à faire le trajet d'ici aux Indes comme vous et moi d'aller à Plantation-house. Il ne faut qu'un instant, un bateau et du courage!

Sir Hudson Lowe says, that here he burst into a fit of laughter, which indeed it would have been difficult to refrain from doing, yet in the real history, he seems to have sometimes acted upon principles scarcely less ridiculous, if he had any.

An occurrence, not much to his own credit, he is made to relate thus:—T'aurais dû, je le comprends aujourd'hui, j'aurais dû m'aimer de patience, ainsi que j'en avais pris la résolution en arrivant dans l'île. J'aurais dû me forger à moi-même un cœur de fer et un front d'airain, pour rester moralement et physiquement impassibles aux outrages, dont l'exercice de mes fonctions cruelles, et mon obéissance toute fanatique aux ordres qui m'étaient transmis, devaient nécessairement me faire abreuver. Mais le naturel l'emporta; et, malgré le phlegme dont je me parais quelquefois, j'étais le plus souvent dans un tel état d'irritation, que tout mon système nerveux en souffrait horriblement. Ce fut à la suite d'un de ces emportements terribles, que le baron Sturmer me prenant le bras, me conduisit devant une

glace, et qu'après m'avoir fait remarquer la hideuse lividité de mes traits et l'affreuse contraction de mes muscles, il s'écria:—Regardez-vous, monsieur, et dites-moi ce que l'Europe penserait du sort de l'illustre prisonnier de Sainte-Hélène, si elle pouvait voir dans un pareil état l'homme à la garde duquel l'Angleterre a jugé à propos de confier Napoléon!

The death of Napoleon and the occurrences which took place at Saint Helena subsequently to his death, are also related, and the book ends with what professes to be an account of the treatment which Sir Hudson Lowe received since his return to Europe. It is not the most flattering description; his reception in England is given as follows: A peine arrivé à Londres, je me présentai à la cour; mais si-tôt que je parus à Brighton, ce fut dans les salles du palais un murmure d'étonnement et d'horreur. A mesure que j'entraîs, il se faisait une vide autour de moi; on eût dit qu'un cercle magique était tracé partout où je portais mes pas, et que nul n'osait y entrer pour ne pas partager les terribles effets de mon voisinage.

Lorsque je demandai à un grand dignitaire d'être admis en la présence du roi, il me reçut avec un dédain et un mépris qu'il ne se donna pas la peine de déguiser; puis, quelques jours après, il me fit répondre que Sa Majesté refusait de me voir. . . .

We have been informed, that such indeed was the manner in which he was received in Vienna, and that Francis of Austria not only refused to see the gaoler of his son-in-law, but signified to him, that it was his pleasure he should quit his capital as soon as might be.

His reception in France was cool and civil, but the most insulting event was in the Isle of France, where, on his return from Ceylon, he was pelted and abused, and only saved from the fury of an incensed mob, by the sailors of his ship, the Alexander. Whatever may have become in reality of Sir Hudson Lowe, we do not profess to know, but the following is the manner in which this pseudo-auto-biography disposes of him:—A peine arrivé en Angleterre, je me sauvai sur le continent, dans un asyle ignoré; je quittai le nom de Lowe; et sous celui de Hudson, je vis caché dans une petite ville, éloigné de ce tourbillon du monde et de la politique, où plutôt au ciel que je ne fusse jamais entré.—C'est de cet asyle obscur et inconnu que je jette au monde ces mémoires: ils sont incomplets sans doute; peut-être n'ai-je pas dit tout ce que j'aurais pu dire sur le captif dont la garde me fut confiée; mais au moins, dans ce que j'ai dit, on ne m'accusera pas de partialité. Certes je n'ai pas fait ici une justification: j'ai tout simplement conté des faits; et si j'ai cherché quelquefois à écarter un peu de moi cet opprobre dont le monde m'a couvert, ce n'a été que pour en faire une juste et légitime part à ceux qui la méritaient. Car, ainsi que je l'ai dit, si j'ai été l'acteur principal de ce drame odieux, d'autres en étaient les auteurs. Si les derniers instants du grand Capitaine ont été remplis par les chagrins, les tourments et peines de la plus dure captivité, c'est au ministre anglais, c'est aux puissances du continent, c'est à bien d'autres encore que je pourrais nommer, qu'il faut attribuer ces vexations.—Enfin, comme l'a dit Napoléon lui-même en parlant de moi, j'ai voulu dans ces notes, tracées précipitamment, rejeter sur mon gouvernement l'odieux de ma propre conduite. Y ai-je réussi? je le pense, moi: au reste que le lecteur en décide.

We shall follow the Ex-Governor's example, and leave our readers to draw their own conclusions of Sir Hudson Lowe and of his Memorial, and merely remark, that the portrait prefixed, is of a piece with the book, giving the poor man, as we have before hinted, so much the look of an executioner, that it must recall to one's memory, Napoleon's fear of his poisoning a cup of coffee by his looks!

THE FOOTSTEPS ON THE SNOW.

There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio, Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

HAMLET.

. At length I started up, took a hurried farewell of the family, looked on her for the last time, and departed. It was a bitter night, and I had a long and dreary walk before me, as the snow lay thick and hard frozen on the ground. Notwithstanding, I did not long continue the rapid pace I had commenced with. A thousand mixed and contending emotions crowded on my mind; the general tenor of which, however, was not disagreeable. She appeared better than I had seen her for some time—her spirits were much higher, and what I could not remember without rapture, I was almost persuaded that she had returned a faint pressure when I had taken her hand. I began to flatter myself that her complaint was not so dangerous, so utterly hopeless, as we had fancied—that she had forgiven the offence, whatever it might have been, that had caused her long coolness. Never, since the day when she had first appeared estranged, had she shown me so much kindness. Again I fancied myself at her side; I pictured to myself a reconciliation warm as my love, and sincere as her own pure heart; and I indulged myself in hopes, never alas! to be realized. Wrapt in a reverie of such delight as none but a lover can know, I wandered on, unconscious of my path, till a sudden turn of the road presented to my eyes a scene of such beautiful surprise, as attracted my attention, meditative as I was. A long expanse of white and dazzling snow spread itself before me, partially illumined by a moon struggling through a sea of fleecy clouds. The advancing tide, which had been strongly ruffled by the breath of a harsh north-easter, was assuming a more tranquil appearance, as the wind sank to repose. Beyond was to be seen, though faintly, the distant line of mountains in all the desolate majesty of their winter drapery. Above and around, the gull was circling in the air, and mingling his scream with the wildly sweet cry of the curlew, and the distant call of the unseen crane; while the heavy and unceasing roll of the snow laden billow, was answering among the caverns of the rocks below. Seldom had I viewed a scene so awfully impressive, and the utter solitude and desolation of the prospect added to the effect. Not long, however, could I withdraw my mind from my reflections; I was relapsing fast into reverie, when my attention was suddenly and disagreeably roused by the sound of steps behind. I turned short, but no one was to be seen: I then imagined myself deceived by the beating of the sea, and passed on: again the steps were heard, and again I turned, still nothing was visible. It was impossible that I should not discover any person so near me, as the sound appeared to be: the moon-light, though not strong, was sufficiently so to enable me to distinguish objects at

a considerable distance, even if the snow had not thrown around a strong reflection. Once more I continued my way, and was still followed by the foot. I walked on for some time, alarmed at such an unaccountable circumstance. I turned several times, and still could see nobody. Surely, I thought, it is not possible that I am pursued by an invisible being?—my mind, naturally incredulous as to that point, cannot be deceived by an imagination heated by the late scene of excitement? It is impossible. I looked back, all was still again, nothing was to be seen but the well known features of the shore, nothing to be heard but the screams of the sea birds, mingled with the ceaseless splash of the waves. I stood for some time, till I began to think that I had been deceived by the echo of my own feet on the frozen snow. This inspired me, and I proceeded, determined to persuade myself into this belief. In despite of this resolve, in despite of all the courage, the incredulity I could summon to my aid, I could not banish the feeling of awe inspired by the steps; they were too quick, too light, too near, to be the echo of my own heavy tread. I turned once more, and with desperation of purpose, demanded why I was thus pursued in silence? No answer was returned. The steps had ceased; and I was again alone in the desert silence of the night. Again I called aloud:—"Spirit, or mortal, whatsoever you be, answer, speak your purpose." All was still—I knew not what to think: was it possible, that, in despite of my unbelief, and as a punishment of it, I was visited by a being of another world? I was ashamed of the weakness, and struggled to get free from it, yet was it not true that the steps had been there? I could not be deceived, the sound was too distinct, too decided to be an illusion of the fancy. Should I, could I go on, and again be persecuted by this fearful mockery? were it even to front me, to give me an opportunity to oppose it—but to proceed with my back to a being unknown, invisible, and perhaps hostile, to be dogged by a fleshless spirit—it was too trying, too abhorrent to human nature; I could endure it no longer. I interrogated my pursuer once more, in vain, I then waited for some time, till at length shame and desperation lent me strength to proceed, not a little helped, perhaps, by the hope of my persecutor's departure. My hope was vain. There were again the unceasing appalling footsteps at my back. However, I went on, despairing of relief from stopping, and endeavoured to divert my attention to the subject of my former thoughts. The road favoured my wish, as I had often passed it to her house, sometimes with herself. I now also approached a part particularly endeared to me, by having accompanied her through it for the last time, previous to her fatal estrangement, when I almost dared to hope she had shewn me some marks of affection. I struggled to confine my thoughts to this subject, and partly succeeded; though I sometimes shuddered with horror as I fancied the breath of the phantom, alternately burning hot, and piercing cold on my neck. I soon, however, engaged myself so deeply in my recollections, as to forget my apprehensions for a time, when I was suddenly roused, penetrated, maddened, by a heavy distinct sigh, so near in tone to those I had heard from Marguerite, during her illness, that I rushed back, determined to obtain some solution of the mystery. In a moment I was satisfied—I saw what I

shall never forget, were mine to be the duration of a world.

I had once seen her at church; she was standing with one arm round her infant sister, the other hand held the book of prayer; her dark deep eye was raised to the preacher above. A ray of sunlight had stolen in through the old ivied window, and was playing through her auburn hair, and over a brow of such dazzling whiteness, as I have never seen equalled. As she stood, her golden locks bathed in the bright glow of the sunbeam, and her attitude and look so mixed with tenderness to her darling sister, and tranquil devotion towards heaven, I could almost fancy her a seraph descended from her native skies, to watch over some gentle sister of humanity. It was thus that I wished to picture her to my heart: this was the image of my adoration. And now too—she was there! the same in beauty, in tenderness, save that, instead of the rich sunbeam, the moon's cold pure ray was on her brow, and her eye was fixed on me with such a look—for ever is it before my eyes. In the visions of the night, in the hours of darkness, it is there. When I awaken, it is the first object that meets my sight. Were it not for the remembrance of that one fond glance, how could I crawl on through this miserable existence. But I am wandering—I must return to my relation. Thus she stood before me, with her own native atmosphere of purity and innocence around her. In one moment my dreams of terror were fled. The cold chill of supernatural awe was banished. I only saw her—I only knew that she was present, and what should I dread? Were ages of pain sufficient to buy a renewal of my bliss at that moment, would I not willingly endure it? The smile on her lip spoke what I hardly dared ever to hope. I can tell no more distinctly, I can remember that I was at her feet, that she bent over me, and she spoke, and her breath was thrilling through my hair as she stooped. Were the sum of human language to be distilled by the chemist into one sentence, could it sink into my soul as those words? The heart has a memory of its own, distinct from the every day occurrences of life; mine was filled then, once and for ever. I knelt, as I have said, and the music of her voice was yet dwelling in my ears, when she ceased and stooped again to bless me—her cold icy finger touched my brow. It was not till then that the truth burst upon me—the unexpected delight of her presence had concealed the dreadful reality; but the chill impress of her touch revealed the whole. I shuddered, sunk upon the snow, and thought that the hour of death was come. Why did it not come? I had then enjoyed my last of happiness. I know no more—I had fallen at her feet, and all was mist and darkness.

I must have been long insensible, for when I awoke from this fearful trance, the morning air was beginning to breathe around; the moon had set, and all was cold, and gloomy, and cheerless: fit emblem of what lay before me. I was chilled and stiffened by the night air; but one glance around, and all was told. I started up, with that fearful vigour known to those only under the influence of despair like mine. I hurried to her house. The rush of the cataract, the breath of the whirlwind, could not surpass my fury. I thought not of the impropriety of the hour—madness—I thought of nothing. Alas! when I arrived, there needed no ceremony. The confusion of the house told

all. Had I doubted—was not there her father, her sisters, her youthful brother, and who could ask a question? I hastened to her chamber, her mother was gazing on the work of the spoiler—worse than all, her infant sister, the cherished of her heart, had stolen into the room, had taken her clay-cold hand, and was calling on Marguerite, and wondering at her silence. I knelt, touched her hand with my lip for the first—last time; I severed one of her auburn tresses, took one last look, and saw her no more. This was the beginning and the close of my earthly happiness—now I am alone.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, March 8th.

Two volumes of much interest have been published this week, viz: the first volume of *Travels in Astracan and the Caucasus*, by Count Polocki, and the third volume of *Caillie's travels*. The first mentioned, contains some very curious particulars of the natural curiosities, and of the customs and manners of the inhabitants of those countries; but the limits of a letter do not permit me to give extracts. *Caillie's* volume is much more curious and interesting than the two preceding ones, and it is due to this enterprising traveller, who has been by many regarded as an impostor, to state, that it contains documents signed by local authorities, which seem to confirm fully, the fact of his having visited the places which he describes. The second volume of these travels in English, has not, I understand, yet been published by Messrs. Colburn and Bentley, owing to a disappointment which they experienced, as to getting over the work in the sheets as it went through the press: but it will, of course, soon make its appearance.

M. Victor Hugo's tragedy of *Hernani* is still a great favourite, notwithstanding the improbabilities of the story and the blustering tone of much of the dialogue. The name of the author, and a few poetic touches which mark the master hand, have obtained for the production a popularity greater than it deserved. As a Melo-Drama, it would have been interesting, and so it seems the English think, for I hear that two translations for the London theatres are already in hand.

It is, I believe, pretty generally known, that M. Arago, the celebrated astronomer, has been for some years making observations on the spots upon the Sun's Disc, with a view to determine the degree of influence, (if any,) which they exercise upon the temperature of the earth. In order to make these observations useful, it was necessary to obtain information from eminent astronomers in other climates, and if M. Arago had succeeded in this, he would have been able to supply a very interesting addition to our astronomical knowledge; but I regret to state that M. A. has been so much disappointed in his expectation of assistance from abroad, that he abandons all hope of completing his work.

Some curious statistical tables have just been made out, by order of the Minister of the Interior. Having been favoured with a sight of them, and allowed to take extracts, I shall from time to time give you such as I think of general interest. At present I will only give you an account of the number of suicides committed annually in the department of the Seine. You will see from it, that self-destruction